Vg P 26.93

A POEM *on the* DEPONENTS *concerning the Birth of the* Prince of Wales.

1502/96

THE Mighty Monarch of this Britiſh Iſle,
Diſturb'd to hear his Subjects prate and ſmile,
That he is ſo content to own a Son,
For to inherit the imperial Crown,
To pleaſe his Queen, and put by both his own.
But finding *England* not ſo credulous,
And cleer-ey'd *Orange* more ſuſpect than us;
By Inſtigation of the Queen and *P*-----
He ſummon'd all together, as you ſee,
And there declares his own Sufficiency:
He ſays, His Subjects Minds now poyſoned are,
They'll not believe God bleſs'd him with an Heir;
But to convince them they are in the wrong,
In come the Swearers, and Depoſe as long
A Narrative as perjur'd *Otes* could do:
What theſe Depoſe unqueſtionably's true;
Our King ſays ſo, who dare ſay other now?
There Lords, Knights, Ladies, Eſquires, Quacks and all
The Papal Locuſt that infect *Whitehall*,
They ſwear what King wou'd have to gain their ends,
Since he's a Prince that ne'r forgets his Friends.
But witneſs Biſhops, for your Loyalty
He makes you great, he did beſtow on ye,
To keep you ſafe, his greateſt ſtrongeſt Fort;
While you were there, the Tower was the Court:
All fled from *James*, to you for Bleſſings came;
Impriſonment immortaliz'd your Name;
Biſhops of *England's* Church are Men of Fame.
And ſince his dire Deſign in Law has fail'd,
He ſeems to ſmile, you are to council call'd,
To hear the worthy loyal Swearers ſwear,
That at the Birth of *Wales*'s Prince they were.
And firſt begins old *England*'s barren Queen,
That at her Siſters Labour was not ſeen
'Till all was paſt; yet for the Holy Cauſe
She'll do what e'er ſhe can to blind the Laws
Of *England*, and doth there declare, and ſay,
She haſted to the Queen that very day,
And never ſtirr'd till this great Prince was born
For the Nation's Glory, but he proves their Scorn;
Except of thoſe that daily on him wait,
Whoſe Loyal Love is only to be great.
Next comes old *Powis*, who a Story feigns
Of riff-raff ſtuff to fill the Peoples Brains
Of what ſhe ſaw and knew about the thing,
And in a modeſt circumſtance doth bring
Of ſomething which into the World he brought,
And by the Doctors gave him, as ſhe thought.
Now as a Governeſs ſhe tends his Grace,
And wou'd not for all Heaven quit her place;
So ſweet a Babe, ſo fine a hopeful Lad,
The forward'ſt Son the Father ever had.
Then *Aran*'s Counteſs with her Oath comes in
That at the Prince's Birth her ſelf had been,
And how ſhe heard complainings from the Queen
Of little Pains, and then the Child was ſeen.
But oh! he did not cry, the Queen bawl'd out,
For fear 'twas dead, but Granny clear'd the doubt;

And further Honour this great Lady had,
She ſaw Smock ſpoil'd with Milk (the ſign was bad.)
And *Peterborough* could not be beguil'd,
Knowing the Fathers ſtrength, at thoughts ſhe ſmil'd;
She ſaw the Smock, and ſwears ſhe was with Child.
While pious *Sunderland* to Chapel went,
On purpoſe to receive the Sacrament;
Devotion was ſo great, ſhe diſobey'd
Her Majeſty, and ſaid, when ſhe had pray'd
She'd wait on her; but hearing that the Prince
Was haſting to the World; this, this pretence
Soon brought our Saint-like Lady quick from thence;
And from her bended Knees flew to the Queen,
And there ſaw all the ſight was to be ſeen;
The Bed was warm'd, and into it ſhe went,
And ask't the King, if for the Gueſs he'd ſent.
A lingring pain ſhe had, and ſeem'd to fear
'Twould not be born till all the Fools were there;
But by her Midwife was aſſur'd one pain
Wou'd bring the Prince into the World amain;
But Faithleſs Queen, the Child did lie ſo high,
She'd not believe but *Judith* told a Lye;
And ſuch an honour to this Deponent granted,
It's hardly more by th' Pope for to be Sainted.
Roſcommon ſwears ſhe ſtood by *Sunderland*,
Near the Queens Bed, juſt by the Midwife's hand;
And ſaw his Highneſs taken out of Bed,
Fit for a Crown t' adorn his Princely Head.
Fingall Depos'd, that in the Queens diſtreſs,
She ſtood at the Beds feet juſt by Miſtreſs,
And ſaw the Prince into the World did come,
And by *Delababy* carried from the Room.
Then painted *Buckley* early in the morn
Came to St. *James*'s to ſee his Highneſs born;
With all the haſt ſhe cou'd ſhe up did riſe,
Soon dreſs'd, ſhe came by Nine a Clock preciſe,
And found her Majeſty was in the bed,
And groaning diſmally, ſhe further ſaid;
Cry'd to the Midwife, Do not the Child part;
Old Granny crav'd her leave: With all her Heart
She granted what the Beldam did deſire;
And certain 'tis, there was no danger nigh her;
Crying, O King, where are you gone, and fled!
He ſaid, I'm, Madam, Kneeling on your Bed.
This plain Deponent bellows Bawdy forth,
To be expos'd Eaſt, Weſt, South, and North,
Without ere fear or ſhame bars Modeſty,
For to out-face the World with ſuch a Lye.
Then pocky *Bellaſſis*, 'tis next comes in,
And ſays, She ſaw the Coach of *Charles*'s Queen;
And hearing that the Queen in Labour was,
She hurried in without a Call or Paſs;
With this excuſe, ſhe knew ſhe was forgot,
Where ſhe talks Bawdy, ſhews Impudence, what not?
Expoſe her ſelf in Print to ſhew her love,
Exalted by the King, and one above,
She'll lye and ſwear, forſwear to prop the Cauſe
That Baffles *England*'s ſound and wholſom Laws.
Then Lady *Waldgrave*, who was there before
This Royal Babe was launched from the Shore,
And heard her Majeſty cry out full ſore.
Then *Crane* and ſottiſh *Wentworth* ſay the ſame,
With *Sawyer*, *Waldgrave*, *Dawſon*, that they came

She laid her hand upon the Queens Belly.

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And

And ſaw this wonder which the World won't own,
And blames their little Faith to think this Son
Eſpurious, and not in truth proceeding
From Majeſty, when they all ſaw him bleeding.
Nay, gave him of his Blood ſqueez'd from th' ſtring,
That Royal Babe into the World did bring.
Then *Bromely*, *Turini*, and *Nan Cary* too
Swear they ſaw all the Work that was to do,
And more by half is ſworn than they'l prove true.
Then comes *Delababy* the great Nurſe,
Who with the Queen is all in all in truſt,
And ſwears that *Danvers*, Maid to Princeſs *Ann*
Was joy'd to ſee this little Royal man,
With former mark on Eye that us'd to be
On all Queen *Mary's* Royal Progeny.
James ſeem'd to doubt that which before he knew,
And fear'd this treacherous Nurſe not told him true,
But he muſt peep and ſee the Royal Elf,
And joy'd as if he had got him his own ſelf:
For Mrs. *Wilks*, who doubts but ſhe wou'd ſay
She brought the Prince to Town that very day?
And told the King the trembling Queen did fear
'Twou'd be hard labour (though no Child was there)
Explains moſt impudently thoſe concerns
That fellow Women when they caſt their Bear
But what cares ſhe, the Hereticks ſhe'll blind,
And then no fear the King will prove moſt kind
To all thoſe Wretches that ſwear to his mind.
Then comes the Waſher-woman, Mrs. *Pierce*,
And ſays, that to the Queen ſhe's Laundreſs,
And there declares a Story of Hot Linen,
That us'd to come from Child-bearing Women.
Richmond and *Litchfield*, and ſine *Mareſchall*,
Tho not at Labour, they believe it all,
And fain would be believ'd, if theſe Tools
By ſwearing falſly could make us ſuch Fools:
They give ſuch Demonſtrations, which do lye
As much aſide as they do Modeſty.
Then comes great *George* of *England's* Chancellor,
Who was with expedition call'd to the Labour.
The Queen cry'd out as Women us'd to do,
And he believes the Prince is real too;
But not ſo certain, nor 'tis fear'd ſo true
As he wears Horns that were by *Monford* made,
Them and his noiſe makes all the Fools afraid;
Tongue runs at random, and Horns puſhes thoſe
That are ſo learn'd his Lordſhip to oppoſe.
He fears to act no wretched Villanies,
He dreads no Torments for inventing Lies,
For he of Heaven is ſure when e're he dies:
Thanks to the care of fond indulgent Wife,
To make atonement for his wicked Life:
Damns her own Soul, and Whores with all ſhe cou'd,
T' allay the impetuous Sallies of her Blood.
Lord Preſident comes next, that's now caſhier'd,
For only ſpeaking of the Truth, 'tis fear'd;
Yet he for to be great again at Court
Wou'd be forſworn, tho he's damn'd for't.
Then *Arundel* of *Wardour* Privy-Seal
Was ſo concern'd, that he her pains did feel;
And 'tis believ'd this tender-hearted man
Did feel as much as Majeſty did then:

He ſhew'd ſo great concern to mighty *Wem*,
Who knew too much to have concern for him;
But ſatisfy'd the Fool it would be paſt,
And wondred much her pains ſo long did laſt.
Then comes my Lord All-Pride with Modeſty, Lord *Mulgrave*, ſo called.
And ſeems unwilling to affirm a Lye;
With ſtately Geſture he did himſelf excuſe,
But ſetting hand to Paper can't refuſe.
Then fooliſh *Craven* comes, and doth depoſe,
A Mark he has that he the Prince well knows;
If 't be his Lordſhips Mark, he muſt ne'er rule;
For *Europe* knows he 's mark'd out for a Fool.
Then comes *Feverſham* that haughty Beau,
And tells a Tale of Dean, and Dat, and how,
Tho he 's no more believ'd than all the reſt,
Only poor man, he fain would do his beſt,
And be rewarded as when come from *Weſt*.
Earl of *Murry* that *Alexander* Great,
He doth believe 'twas the King that did the feat,
And that this Son is true, and not a Cheat.
Then *Middleton* and *Melford* both explain'd
The buſineſs, which they from the King had gain'd,
As knowing Men, his Majeſty did truſt
His Conſorts Secrets, hoping they'd be juſt
To his endeared Son, our mighty Prince,
That as he thought wou'd hide his impotence.
Godolphin too with Confidence pretends
It's true born, but 'tis for his own ends.
And *Fox* a Story tells of God knows what,
To fool the Nation's all he would be at:
He keeps in favour with his Princely Grace,
He fawns and flatters for to keep his place.
Then famous *Scarborough* and *Witherly*,
With *Waldgrave*, *Brady*, and *Amand* do lye,
And bring their Circumſtances to convince
The World that 'tis a real high-born Prince.
Thus they ſtick out at nothing that will do
The Nations Wrong, and bring to *England* Woe:
Baſe mercenary Slaves, for a Kings ſmile
Would eſpurious Iſſue rear, and us beguile;
That fawn on him, and more obſerve a Nod,
Then fear the vengeance of an angry God;
And on the turn of Times wou'd all fly back
And let his Highneſs intereſt go to wrack.
Two Depoſitions more to Court were ſent Lord *Peterborough* and *Huntington*.
Aſham'd t' appear to further the intent
Of Popiſh Principles and Perjuries.
None but the Devil could invent ſuch Lyes.
Then after this the King himſelf declares
He don't deſign with *England* to make Wars.
But he ſuch Aggravations hath of late,
That he muſt needs be angry with the State:
A ſpecious Prologue to conclude withal;
But all the Proteſtants he vows ſhall fall
A Sacrifice to *Rome*, and his Revenge:
Then Soldiers, fear not Fools, but ſcorn to cringe;
Be reſolute and ſtout, and ſcorn to ſell
Your Souls to *Rome*, but ſend the Pope to Hell.

FINIS.